

Dirt

King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard

Handshakes and bitter rows
Are the common conjecture
I can dissect anything
And save the skin for later
I know its just a time
And things will get better
But I don't mind much anyway
Vampire reflection

Gestured in our selfish understanding
Tensions only surface when you're hurt, h-h-h-hurt
Like a magpie's morning monologue
Whispers bending backwards in the dirt
The dirt, the dirt

Make time to say you're right
You should already know this
With next to no pretension
Still I'm walking on egg shells
Catch your breath, I'm heading out
Be sure others will notice
This is just a product of
Lack of reflection

Like a magpie's morning monologue
Whispers bending backwards in the dirt
The dirt, the dirt